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COURTSHIP AND CLEANING HOUSE.

It was the most golden and glorious of September days. The veil of blue haze hanging like a canopy over the distant hills, seemed absolutely to quiver in the radiant glow of autumn sunshine, and the grapes, whose amethystine clusters blushed through the trolle of clinging leaves, grew deeper in color and more bloomy, as if they had stolen the imperial dye of a thousand purple sunsets and brilliant dawns, as the sun mounted higher in the cloudless dome of heaven. No freckled ceiling, hung with jeweled pendants was ever more beautiful than this arbor of grape leaves where the light and shadow mingled in fitful arabesque with every moving wind—and so thought Richard Mayfield, as he came slowly up the garden path that led to his brother's house.

The mansion itself, however, was far from presenting the gala aspect which pervaded all nature, and our hero's countenance underwent a ludicrous transformation, as he eyed the yawning windows and wide-open doors.

"By all the powers!" said he to himself. "If I hadn't been cleaning house again! Well, women are most uncomfortable creatures! I do believe they delight in turning things upside down, and making themselves and the rest of the world uncomfortable. What's the use of choking people with dust, and deluging wet with soap and water twice a year? However let the dear enigmas have their own way. I'm sure I am the last person in the world to object."

With these philosophical reflections yet in his mind, Mr. Mayfield deftly threaded his way through a colony of white-wash pails and lime kettles that surrounded the front door, and entered upon the scene of action. It was quite plain, from the shout with which the children greeted his appearance, that he was a general favorite.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick! we're cleaning house!" cried Master Henry Augustus Mayfield, who was mounted astride of a doubled-up feather bed, castigating it fearfully with his mother's best silk parasol.

"Ain't it splendid, Uncle Dick?" exclaimed Miss Julia, who was endeavoring to "pry out" the principle of sound from a thirty dollar music box, by introducing a carving knife into its interior works, while Mrs. Mayfield, half distracted by calls from divers directions, was totally unconscious of the mischief being wrought.

"Dick, I am so puzzled and annoyed," she said. "Here is John called to the city by a pressing lawsuit, and the whole house upside down!"

"Thought that was what you ladies liked," said Dick, perching himself upon the top of the dining-table, and rearing a shell basket from the destructive grasp of the smallest Mayfield of all.

"And my cook has gone, and the fire won't burn, and the parlor ceiling is half unroofed, and you know the sewing-society is to be here to-morrow night—and, O Dick, what shall I do?"

"Don't fret," said Richard, soothingly. "I'll make the fire burn, or I'll know the reason why; and I'll finish the ceiling for you."

"Yes, I. Didn't I whiten my own rooms at college, when we boys smoked it into the color of an old snuff-box? And then I'll tack the carpet down and see about putting those dislocated beds-stands together."

"But Dick, you must be too tired, after dancing till twelve o'clock at the picnic last night."

"Me tired? Fiddlesticks! Where's the refractory stove?"

The very fire was not proof against Dick's sunny determination. It broke into a cheerful blaze the moment he attacked the citadel, and Isabel's face brightened simultaneously. The skill with which he next erected a scaffolding and mounted thereon, with a panoply of white-wash pails and brushes, was perfectly astounding, the more so, as his slender figure, rather pale complexion, aristocratically small feet and hands, conveyed the idea of one who was adapted only to Broadway pavements and glittering ball-rooms.

"I suppose the workmen didn't leave

their wardrobes," when they went away last evening, Bell?" he asked, when he had sealed the rather perilous height.

"No," said his sister-in-law, laughing. "Then just hold up that old sheet—and a piece of bed-cord yonder. Now, don't you admire my *four cornered*?"

"Uncle Dick looks like a ghost," said Master Henry Augustus.

"No, he don't—he looks like the old miller down at the pond," struck in Miss Julia.

"Upon my word, I don't know which is the most complimentary," observed Richard, drily. "Now, then, clear the track, every soul of you, and give me a chance!"

And he worked on, now pausing to survey his achievements, but oftener of all, relapsing into thoughts of the beautiful young damsel at the picnic last night who had been so studiously cold and reserved toward him.

"She won't like me," thought he, "and I can't for the life of me tell why. Well, as I said before, women are unaccountable concerns!"

"Amy," said Miss Brownleigh to her pretty young cousin. "I wish you would just run over to Mrs. Mayfield's with this note. The children are at school, and I have no one to send."

"O, no," said Amy, while a fresh tinge suffused her delicate cheek. "I don't want to encounter that superlative collegian."

"Nonsense, he isn't there—he is staying with Harry Franklin."

"O, then I will take the note," said Amy, rising, and looking round for her respectably little gipsy hat.

"You are the strangest girl, Amy," said her cousin. "What can be the reason that you dislike Richard Mayfield? He is so handsome and so talented!"

"I don't fancy these merely ornamental people," said Amy demurely. "My husband must be of some use in the world."

"How do you know that Mr. Mayfield is?"

"Can't be possible," said Amy, archly shaking her curls. "His hands are so small for anything but lemon color kid gloves. I'll wager a new bonnet, Alice, that he never did anything more laborious than to carry a box of cigars, in his life!"

Miss Brownleigh laughed, and Amy passed out of the vine-wreathed porch, wondering within herself whether Mr. Mayfield had been much vexed because she had refused to dance with him the evening before.

Mrs. John Mayfield's house was at no very great distance, and as Amy was quite intimate with that lady, and understood the domestic saturnalities that was at present transpiring within her domains, she did not think it necessary to knock, but opened the door and walked in without ceremony.

There stood Dick, the apex of a pyramidal scaffolding of boards, his fine broadcloth raiment obscured by a lime-plashed sheet which was girdled around his waist by a ponderous knot of rope, and his black curls overshadowed by a coarse old straw hat, working away as if for dear life. His back was toward the door, and supposing the step to be that of his sister-in-law, he said gaily, without turning his head—

"What! is the carpet ready so soon, Bell? I'm just through here, and I'll come and tack it down in one minute!"

Not receiving any answer, he threw down the brush and turned round.

"Miss Brownleigh!"

He never had looked so handsome in his life—and that was the first thought that rushed through Amy's mind, in the midst of all her embarrassment: for Dick had the advantage of the young lady in this respect—she was embarrassed, and he was not.

He sprang, laughingly, to the ground, and threw off his ghostly drapery.

"You must think I have a curious taste in costume," said he, archly, "but the truth is, Isabel has been disappointed in her hired help, and my mother is away from home, so I am helping her clean house!"

"I did not know—I thought you had no taste," stammered Amy, unconsciously speaking out her thoughts.

"You supposed that I was nothing more than an ornamental piece of furniture? Ask Isabel about that," said Dick, half piqued, half smiling. "But can I be of any use to you, now?"

"I had a note from my cousin, for Mrs. Mayfield," said Amy, still speaking scarce above her breath.

"She has gone down to the farther orchard," said Dick. "It is some distance, and not a very straight path. If you will wait until I remove a little of this lime, I shall be happy to escort you down there."

Half an hour ago, Amy would have laughingly informed him it was quite unnecessary for her to trouble him—now she stood and waited.

It was a long walk, under the over-spreading shadow of noble apple trees, bending with their weight of crimson and russet fruit, and through meadows ankle deep in purple and bloom, and nodding plumes of golden red, yet, for all that, Amy was quite surprised when Mrs. Mayfield came in sight, carrying a little basket of rose-checked peaches from a pet tree beyond.

We believe it is one of woman's special and inconvertible privileges to change her mind—therefore nobody was much astonished when three months subsequently, there was a rumor of the engagement of Mr. Mayfield and Miss Brownleigh! Still, however, Dick always declared that it was an insoluble mystery to him that when serenades and schottisches, poetry and perumes had all failed to win an entrance to the maiden's heart, a white-wash brush should have been the unromantic weapon which at last brought down the barricades!

Why a poor boy is horse. A few years since a poor orphan boy was apprenticed by the Overseers of the Poor of this city to a farmer in Oxford county. His parents were both dead, and he an inmate of the almshouse. This boy is now nearly eighteen years of age. He taught school with success the past winter, and has performed his duties so well that his master has agreed to give him the last year of his time. He is fitting for college, and intends to enter by the time he is of age. He is a youth of spirit, pluck and ability, and we have no doubt he will carry out his purpose to obtain a collegiate education, and to pay for it.

His parents were Irish. It affords us pleasure to record an instance of this kind, and we can but ask the attention of the philanthropist to it as indicating how much better it would be to apprentice young lads to good farmers than to put them into a "reform school."—*Portland Dispatch.*

How a GERMAN WOMAN GOT ALONG. I asked a pleasant-looking German woman in market, one cold morning, if it was not hard work to come every morning and mind her stall.

"Oh, yes," was her reply; "tish pretty cold, but I must do something. I did not use to tend market."

I inquired how it happened that her circumstances had so changed. In her broken English she told me the following story:

"Me and my husband come from Germany, and on the sea he die, and when we got to St. Louis, we have no money, and four, five children, so I wash, I iron, I do everything I can do, and I only get bread; den I gets sick—washed and ironed too hard for me. So I said I will go in the country and work garden, and I sells my ironings and everything, and works some more and gets twenty dollars, and then I rents of German man one acre of ground, and I spade him and dig him and work all myself—my boy only seven year old then—and I raise lettuce and beets and onions and corn and everything, and I make moush. Then two year I rent two acres, and then my boys and girls help some, and I make lots of moush. Then in four years I buy the land, and then I builds me a koot house, and two year ago I gets me a husband."

"How do you get on now?" I asked.

"Oh, very well," she answered; and with a merry twinkle in her eye, she added: "He is the most convenient thing about de house but my new cook-stove. He spade my ground and help me to get ready for market, and nurse my baby while I comes, for I know better as he how to sell. I been knowin' so long."

More Shoeing and Diseases of Horses.

The Bar Shoe is the common shoe with a bar or web of iron carried over the frog and making a connection between ends at the heels. This form of shoe is applied only as a remedial agent in punned or other diseased feet. By its employment the farrier is able to relieve the diseased parts from pressure, and throw it on such places as are better able to bear it.

Three-quarter Shoes and Tips. A three-quarter shoe is one which has the inner heel or quarter removed; and a tip is a shoe with both heels taken away. These shoes leaving the heels and quarters unprotected, tho' at perfect liberty, are not usually adapted for road work, but are generally used when a horse is turned out to grass. The tip was formerly exclusively employed as a racing shoe; but, moderately, a light shoe called a plate has come into general use on the turf.

Anti-cutting or anti-interfering Shoes. Many horses, from improper formation or weakness, are apt to cut or wound with the side of the shoe the fetlock of the opposite leg. This occurs most frequently in such as are narrow-chested, and who turn out their toes, particularly when they are forced a little beyond their natural power of speed.

Cutting blisters the animal and lessens his safety. Young horses, though well formed, when first forced backwards with a weight on them, are very subject to cut, from an apparent ignorance of the position of their legs and the novelty of the pace. The speedy-cut is more rare, and arises from a different cause. Speedy-cut is a contusion immediately below the knee, and is seen in broad-chested horses with high action. The usual remedy or preventive of cutting, is the employment of a shoe much thicker on the inside than on the outside quarter, having the inner web bevelled inwardly, and the lower outside edge filed away. This form of shoe is an ancient and useful application. By the outward inclination it gives to the fetlocks, it commonly prevents the defect. But there are cases in which this plan of shoeing is not followed with the usual benefit, and we are obliged to resort to other expedients. The late Mr. Moorehead was the first to suggest a reversal of the above plan of shoeing as a remedy in these obstinate cases. He shod such horses with shoes having the outer quarter thick, and the inner one thin. The same principle is applicable to those horses that cut behind. In such cases the shoe at the outer heel should be in thickness according to the degree in which he cuts. The web of the shoe should gradually become thinner until it reaches the toe, which should be of the ordinary thickness, and from which it should slope off, and end in a tip in the middle of the inner quarter. This shoe, in point of effect, would be equally proper for the fore feet, were it not that in such horses as are used for the saddle, the fore feet, being more charged with weight than the hind ones, are much more liable to be injured, and a horse thus shod on the fore feet might go on unsafe; therefore it is expedient to let the inner quarter of the shoe be thin, and reach to the heel, but the outer edge should be bevelled off, so as to slope inwardly. The same kind of shoe is equally well calculated to prevent the speedy-cut, observing to bevel off still more strongly the part which strikes, and not put any nails therabouts. This form of shoe I have frequently found to succeed when all others failed; but it is objectionable on account of the awkwardness of its appearance and the rocking and straddling gait it gives the animal. The *modus operandi* of this plan is, that it obliges the horse to throw more of his weight on the outer quarter, and compels him to keep his leg wider asunder during progression, and consequently prevents a renewal of the blemish.—*J. M. Winter's "Horse in Health and Disease."*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How to SHOE SHIRT BOWS.—Take two ounces of white arabic powder, put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire; let it stand all night, and in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it for use. A tablespoonful of this gum water, stirred into a pint of starch, will give luster, either white or colored, a look of newness, to which nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

Buckwheat Cakes Eclipsed.

I would like to say to the inquirer concerning buckwheat cakes, saleratus, &c., that we have found a better and more wholesome flour for cakes. Perhaps you have used what we call the brown flour, and prefer buckwheat, but if you have never tried it, give it a trial. You will not wish for sweeter and more wholesome cakes. Winter wheat, or good spring wheat, ground into unbolted flour, makes the best of food, and in the manner we use ours, mostly avoid the saleratus. We take sweet milk and stir in the flour without sifting, to about the thickness of drop cake; drop the batter into patty tins, or muffin rings, and bake in a quick oven. We eat them warm, always steaming the cold cakes. We do not use saleratus with them at all, and you are unlike us, if, on trial, you do not pronounce them sweet, delicious, wholesome, and superior to all other kinds of bread. Eaten with butter or cream, and sugar, or with sirup or honey, they can't be beat. Do please try them, and give your opinion.

Fine flour is used too exclusively as an article of food, and while the coarser grains are so much more sweet and wholesome, it is a pity they are not more generally used.

FARMER'S WIFE.

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES.—A correspondent of *Fidd's Notes*, gives the following sweet item:—

Maple molasses well made and put up in cans, right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed, as you would can and seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap, and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose somewhat of the peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is prized, and is often injured by insects. All this is obviated by canning while hot. To many families who do not make on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn fruits demand them again. Put up your best in this way. Where large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves.

It is said that a good cow bell of rolled sheet iron, well made, 10 inches deep, with a mouth 3 by 6 inches, can be distinctly heard at a distance of from three to five miles. It is said that a tinner in England provides all his cows with bells tuned to different notes in the scale, and the whole running through several octaves. A visitor to this farm is charmed by the music, as well as by the sleek sides of the cattle. Sometimes he hears several notes in unison, then a slight discord, and then a sweet harmony, and all varied by distance and by the rising and falling of the breeze.

A "SITUATION." A correspondent of A Nashville paper tells a story, which may be possibly untrue, about a person who was going to Chattanooga on the railroad. When the train entered the tunnel and total darkness, said person asked a stranger how long it would be going through. Stranger was a bit of a wag, and replied, "two hours." Persuaded that he would avail himself of the opportunity to don a clean shirt, and about the time he had "slucked himself," the train dashed out into daylight, exposing his person to the astonished gaze of some hundred pair of male and female eyes belonging to passengers. He had on no linen, and about as much other clothes as the Apollo Belvidere—and no chance to run.

A "SCARE CROW."—The following is said to be a remedy against the depredations of the crow and blackbird, in the cornfield.—Take fine, plump seed corn—a quantity of it—string each kernel on a horse hair—white is best—tying a knot in it to prevent its slipping off. Scatter it over the field in spots where the birds will see it and alight. They will eat but one kernel of it, and will not trouble that (or any other) again. The two ends of a horse hair sticking out of their mouths well anchored in their crabs by a fine kernel of corn, is by no means a pleasant to them.

A lady out west has named her thirteen child Gratias.

The Delaware Grape.

codale, in his Report, ranks the Delaware as the best grape for open cultivation. The editor of the *New Agriculturalist* pronounces it the "Native"—possessing in an inary degree all the desirable qualities of a grape for general cultivation—vigor, fruitfulness, and

Upon this last point, the editor all opposition to the Delaware saks down. It ought to be common in the cultivation of a man's good built it is to be. We want grapes that are

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